

Turbo, Gniazdo smutku

A big city is awake again
Streets are full of life - are of pain,
The starving hordes are waiting for your fault
Repulsive masses, repulsive mould!
City!

A lousy den of sorrow
persistent stench of trash
the arms of destitution breed
the genes of aggression!

City!

A big city where evil thrives
A Great society and small individuals
voracious individuals, terror and fear
If you're different - you're bound to die
A big city goes to sleep again
desolate streets are glazing with rain,
tomorrow the smell of sorrow,
tomorrow the stench of trash
Tomorrow...